

DESTROYED.

**Buckingham Theater Burned
Out at an Early Hour on
Thursday Morning.**

**Most Disastrous Conflagration
Yet Witnessed in the
New Year.**

**The Whallen Brothers Will at
Once Commence Its
Reconstruction.**

MANY THROWN OUT OF WORK.

The most disastrous conflagration of the year occurred early Thursday morning, when the Buckingham Theater was entirely destroyed in less than an hour's time. The fire was caused by an electric wire, and the efforts of the fire department were all in vain. The loss will reach an amount exceeding \$50,000, upon which there is an insurance of only about one-third that sum.

The theater has always been a popular one, and all day long streams of people could be seen viewing the ruins, the great majority of whom took occasion to express their sympathy to Messrs John and James Whallen. The theater-going public will be glad to learn that they will rebuild at once, and their enterprise is a guarantee that ere long the old building will be replaced by a more modern and handsome one.

The work of reconstruction will begin immediately and continue night and day until the new theater is ready for opening, which will be in about thirty days. The company that was performing lost a great deal of property, as did many of the musicians and employees, who will be temporarily out of employment.

Citizens of all classes are encouraging the Messrs. Whallen, who are two of the most enterprising and public spirited business men in Louisville, and all express the hope that they may soon retrieve their great loss.

THEATRICALS.

A feature of the engagement of "The Little Darkie" at the Avenue Theater, beginning Sunday night, will be the appearance of Miss Violet King in the title role. Miss King is one of the recognized beauties of the American stage. The comedy is clean and sparkling with humor, and has made a pronounced hit at every city where it has been presented.

"Streets of New York," will be the play presented by the Meffert Stock Company at the Temple Theater next week. The fine melodrama will have a splendid production, and since it is one of the most popular bills of recent years, there is every reason to believe that it will have a warm reception in Louisville. Special scenery will be introduced at the Temple presentation, and no feature of a carefully mounted and elaborately offered production will be missed. The advance sale of seats has been large, and the indications are that the play will be witnessed by crowded houses.

WORLD OF LABOR.

The cooks and restaurant employees will be shortly organized by State Organizer James McGill. Also the boiler-makers and ship carpenters.

The Teamsters' Union met Thursday evening at Beck's Hall. A large number of new members were obligated. They are represented in the Central Labor Union.

There is only one local assembly of the Knights of Labor left in this city, the Stone Masons' Union. They contemplate affiliating with the American Federation of Labor.

The Electrical Workers' Union, of this city, has received its charter from the United Brotherhood of Electrical Workers. They have been holding weekly mass meetings for the purpose of solidifying the union.

Mr. Barnes, secretary of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, of England, has stated that the Society has paid off all debts contracted during the late strike, and commences the new year with a balance in hand of \$1,000,000.

The Brickmakers' Union, recently organized for their better protection, will shortly call upon the administration to protect against foreign labor coming in competition with their trade. Nearly all of the brick used by the city for street work comes from Ironton and Sciotoville, Ohio. The union will appeal to Central Labor Union to help them.

The Bottlers' Union gave a smoker at Keels' Hall Wednesday evening. Before the union adjourned to make merry seventeen new members are enrolled. Addresses were made by James McGill, President of Central Labor Union, and T. J. Hennessy, Recording Secretary. The Diamond Quartette entertained the crowd with their plantation melodies. The union has made application for a charter to the American Federation of Labor.

The Stone Quarrymen's Union has given up its charter to the Knights of Labor, and through State Organizer James McGill made application for a charter from the American Federation of Labor. They have elected delegates to the Central Labor Union. John Antram is the President and Charles Walters is Secretary. The union is 100 strong, and meets the second and fourth Fridays of each month. They are pleased with the change.

History is just now about to repeat itself in the carpenters' and joiners' union circles. In 1890 the Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of this city had 1,200 members. A veil of lethargy

overcame them, and the once strong union went into dissolution. They are now holding mass meetings with gratifying results. The knowing ones say that by spring they will have nearly every practical carpenter in Louisville in the organization. We wish them better luck this time.

MOLLIE AND I.

My Mollie 'twas she was the pride of our town.
Her hair it was golden, her eyes a soft brown,
To see her sweet smile, with her red lips apart,
Sure 'twould set the rogue stealing right into your heart.

Myself had the looks, too, and stood six foot high—
Yes, a couple worth seeing were Mollie and I.

Ah! well I remember one bright summer day,
When we thought there was never such bloom on the may;
And the birds sang so sweetly from out of the glen—
They, sure, never sang half so sweetly as then!

And that night no such stars ever shone in the sky—
So full of love's magic were Mollie and I.

For I'd told her my love—well, you all know the way,
Since when heart thrills to heart there needs little to say.

And there she was walking close up to my side,
With her hand clasped in mine, my own promised bride.

No happier pair could be found far or nigh,
That fair summer even, than Mollie and I.

How the thoughts of old times they throng into my head
With that day of all days when my Mollie I wed!

I wore a brave suit, so smart and so tight,
With Mollie beside me in soft, flowing white.

I stepped proud as a king, but my love she looked shy,
As we passed to the chapel, my Mollie and I.

Oh! but I was the blest one to win such a wife,
The light of my home and the joy of my life;

And to me 'twas the crowning of all her sweet charms,
When she held our first babe in her lovely white arms.

So full was my heart that I prayed God on high
We might never be parted, my Mollie and I.

Of fine lads and lassies we'd nigh half a score,
Not a one, though, too many, yet askin' no more;

And when with life's care I'd get somewhat cast down,
I had still her bright smile, ah! but never one frown.

We'd our joy and our sorrow, our laugh and our cry,
For we shared all together, my Mollie and I.

Now they tell me she's sleeping, and still must sleep on,
But the children are weeping—Oh, where has she gone?

And is it without me she's found her last rest,
Who for fifty long years has lain in my breast?

And what is this darkness? The light's left the sky!
Our Father! we're coming, my Mollie and I.

—Susan Carleton Brush.

EDMUND BURKE.

We have in Edmund Burke one of the most brilliant examples of the genius contributed by Ireland to the fame of the British empire. The story of his wonderful influence in molding the destinies of his country has been more than once referred to in these columns. He was in the prime of life—thirty-six years old—when he electrified the British Parliament on the occasion of his maiden speech, on the 27th of January, 1776, by his masterly eloquence and the profound knowledge of public affairs which he displayed. The learned Dr. Johnson, referring to the occasion, said that Burke "filled the town with wonder."

It was on the proposed repeal of the Stamp act, which at that time was being discussed in Parliament and created most intense excitement. From that time forth for thirty years his star never waned, and he was recognized as the greatest of England's statesmen in the depth of his philosophy and wide familiarity with all subjects which came up for discussion. It is related of him that returning from Parliament late one night he was accosted by an unfortunate who, when he replied to her with kind advice, implored his assistance to rescue her from a life of shame and misery. "Are you willing," said he, "to give up your present life of sin?"

Being satisfied with the sincerity of her answer, he took her into his home and by his care and that of Mrs. Burke she was restored to society. He devoted considerable attention to the history and antiquities of Ireland and the study of the Irish language, and in 1797 was granted the freedom of the city of Dublin for his services to Ireland in Parliament. "He had," said the Encyclopaedia Britannica, "a native abhorrence of cruelty, of injustice, of disorder, of oppression, of tyranny, and all these things in all their degrees marked Hastings' course in India. They were, moreover, concentrated in individual cases, which exercised Burke's passionate imagination to its profoundest depths and raised it to such a glow of fiery intensity as has never been rivaled in our history."

For it endured for fourteen years, and was just as burning and terrible when Hastings was acquitted in 1795 as in the Select Committee of 1781, when Hastings

enormities were first revealed. "If I were to call for a reward," wrote Burke, "it would be for the services in which for fourteen years, without intermission, I showed the most industry and had the least success—I mean in the affairs of India; they are those on which I value myself the most; most for the importance; most for the labor; most for the judgment; most for constancy and perseverance in the pursuit."

Sheridan's speech in the House of Commons upon the charge relative to the Begums of Oude probably excelled anything that Burke achieved, as a dazzling performance abounding in the most surprising literary and rhetorical effects. But neither Sheridan nor Fox was capable of that sustained and overflowing indignation at outraged justice and oppressed humanity, that consuming moral fire, which burst forth again and again from the chief manager of the impeachment, with such scorching might as drove even the cool and intrepid Hastings beyond all self control and made him cry out with protests and exclamations like a criminal writhing under the scourge.

Burke, no doubt, in the course of that unparalleled trial showed some prejudice; made some minor overstatements of his case; used many intemperances, and suffered himself to be provoked into expressions of heat and impatience by the cabals of the defendant and his party and the intolerable incompetence of the tribunal. It is one of the inscrutable perplexities of human affairs that in the logic of practical life, in order to reach conclusions that cover enough for truth, we are constantly driven to premises that cover too much, and that in order to secure their right weight to justice and reason good men are forced to fling the two-edged sword of passion into the same scale.

But these excuses were mere trifles and well deserve to be forgiven when we think that though the offender was in form acquitted, yet Burke succeeded in these fourteen years of laborious effort in laying the foundations once for all of a moral, just, philanthropic and responsible public opinion in England with reference to India, and in doing so performed perhaps the most magnificent service that any statesman has ever had it in his power to render to humanity.

FATHER HARRIGAN.

From the Minneapolis Irish Standard we learn that Rev. Father Harrigan, for some years prior to the Dominican church of this city, lately arrived in Minneapolis from Memphis, Tenn., was to preach at the late mass last Sunday at Holy Rosary church, where he is the newly-elected Prior. An elaborate programme of music was rendered upon the occasion.

MAUREEN OG ASTHORE.

Catch the rosy blush of morn
And the shades of night new-born,
Take that tint from Meevagh's woods last autumn-tide they wore—
And you have the cheeks so rare,

And the maze of dear dark hair,
And the mischief-brimming brown eyes
Of my Maureen Og Asthore!

To our hills in winter go,
Where you'll find the purest snow,
And redder holly-berries than you've ever seen before;

Then with Fancy's aid infuse
Into teeth and lips those hues—
And behold the pretty, coaxing mouth of
Maureen Og Asthore!

From the rowan-tree so fair,
Pluck its lithe and stately air,
And bestow on it a form divine, that angels might adore;
Then see the winsome face,
And the airy, swan-like grace,
And the figure so bewitching of my
Maureen Og Asthore.

Get the evening star's mild beam,
As it trembles in the stream,
And the light and bounding noiseless tread of lambskins on the moor;
Take the music from the brook—
And behold the voice and look,
And the matchless, magic step of her, my
Maureen Og Asthore.

Find the stream's love for the lake,
And the brier's for the brake,
And the love that makes the mountains seek the fond skies bending o'er—
And you've thrown one little ray
On the love words can't convey,
That for evermore doth draw this heart
To Maureen Og Asthore.

SEUMAS MACMANUS.

"Darling young Mary
It looks queer, but the best man at a wedding isn't the one who gets married."

Nothing contributes more toward alleviating domestic storms than a clear conscience.

If you wish to leave something behind you for your relatives and friends to look at, put \$2 in your pocket for a year's subscription to this paper and a first-class crayon portrait of yourself and come and see us. See!

A movement is being made in Clonmel to promote the Richard Dowling memorial fund. It is but natural that the fellow-townsmen of the distinguished novelist should avail themselves of the opportunity which the raising of the fund offers them of coming to the aid of his widow and family, who, through no fault of his, have been left wholly unprotected for. The latest subscriber to fund is the Hon. Martin J. Keogh, Judge of the Supreme Court of New York.

At the quarterly meeting of the Albany County Board of the A. O. H., County President M. F. McGowan, of Albany, presided. A committee consisting of Major M. F. McGowan and P. J. Patterson was instructed to meet with a committee from the County Board of the A. O. H., of Rensselaer county and determine whether the St. Patrick's day parade shall be held at Troy or Albany. Major McGowan announced that Bishop Burke had appointed Father Fitzgerald, of the Cathedral, Albany, as County Chaplain of the order.

EMBLEM CONTEST!

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By the Wayside.

Of course you have noticed that the Irishman is the favorite subject for the funny men of the newspapers. Pat or Mike is always the one who can respond wittily. This is an unconscious tribute on the part of the paragraphers to that innate sense of humor which seems to be instilled in every mother's son of Ireland. It bubbles out spontaneously and often turns the shaft intended for him at the one who launched it. But there is another role in which Pat figures often and which is not so well relished by him. And this is the character of the drunkard. It is said the Irish people are more fond of the cup that cheers than any other nation, but statistics do not prove the truth of this assertion. The phlegmatic German leads in the matter of drinking, but it is presumed that on account of this stolid disposition the Teuton does not so readily succumb to the inebriating effects of the spirits consumed.

So much has been written of late about the "gun that is not loaded" and so many accidents have resulted from that same gun it would seem that little could be added to what has already been said on the question. But still a word of caution as to the keeping of such articles out of the way of children and being "certain" that the loads have been withdrawn might not be out of place. Boys especially seem possessed of a desire to have a pistol or firearm of some description in their own hands, and can not resist the impulse to raise and point it playfully at some one when another tragedy is recorded. Some years ago when church fairs were frequent a popular young lady, who was a great worker, saw a gentleman entering the hall with a gun in his hand. She approached him and asked him for which table it was intended. As no particular place had been designated by the donor, he said it might go on the table over which she presided. Lifting the gun to his shoulder he playfully pointed it at the lady and snapped it. A mutual friend saw him and hastily interposed, telling him that he might be responsible for the death of some one. The man with the gun replied that it was not loaded, but the other told him to take it to a locksmith and be certain. He did so, and found there was one load in it. This gave him such a fright that he has never again pointed a gun or pistol, loaded or unloaded, at any one. It is the "unloaded" gun that always shoots.

Anent the discussion over the saloon question that is now being carried on so vigorously on account of Bishop Potter's recent utterances why does not some one step forward and claim that the mother needs recreation and at times an escape—once might say—from the environments of home? On the mother principally devolves the care and training of the children, and how can she broaden her mind and take a wider view of life so as not to contract the budding minds that are under her fostering care unless she can occasionally get from the confines of her own home? Why should all the burden of training fall on the woman? And why should all the amusement and pleasure be for the man? Let him take his pleasure with his family, and if at first his house be uncomfortable with his help it will be speedily changed, and he will find some true enjoyment than at the saloon.

Something of a sensation in church circles has been created by the publication of the statement made by Father Thomas Ducey at high mass at St. Leo's church, New York, recently, that the burial of Protestants would be permitted from the mortuary chapel now being built in connection with this church, says Leslie's Weekly. This was coupled with the statement that members of the church who may have friends who have died in hotels or boarding-houses in New York could have their bodies brought to the new chapel, and that a clergyman of any denomination might read prayers over the dead. Heretofore burial services in Catholic mortuaries have been absolutely limited to Catholics. It is an interesting fact that the money contributed for the erection of Father Ducey's new chapel, with the exception of his own contribution, has been given by persons outside of the Catholic faith. Father Ducey has long been looked upon as one of the representative men of his church, and his liberal views regarding many public questions have attracted wide attention. He is a well-known speaker at public meetings, and is an advocate of many reforms favored by the working masses.

The tendency of the age is to condense and shorten, and we suppose it is for the

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sake of brevity that so many good old Irish names are being used without the prefix "Mc" or "O" which formerly formed a part of the cognomen. We are all true Americans, but there must also be a spark of love for our ancestral country, though we have never seen its shores, and it can not be a want of respect for their mother country which causes such a shortening, but must be either for the sake of brevity or from a mistaken idea of euphuism.

THE GLEANER.

WILL VISIT THE JAIL.

Monday next will be County Commissioners' day at the jail, when the monthly inspection will be made. That institution will be found to be in better condition than ever before. Owing to the many improvements made under the administration of Jailer Pfanz, it is safe to say there are few jails that will compare with that of Jefferson county. Because of the Blanks small-pox case all visitors will be excluded for a short time.

A HUSTLER.

A wide-awake hustler, who is making new friends every day and also holding all of his old ones, is John Evans, the chief mixer at John Hickey's "New South." Always with a smile and a cheerful word for those he comes in contact with, he is proving both a credit to himself and to Mr. Hickey.

WEARING OF THE GREEN.

The vexed question of the wearing of the shamrock by Irish soldiers on St. Patrick's day has been partially solved by a general order leaving the wearing of national emblems at the discretion of commanding officers. This is all very well in Irish corps, but what about Irishmen in English and Scotch regiments, royal artillery and other mixed corps? Will they be prohibited from wearing it? Even in Irish corps an English or Scotch commandant may restrict at his "discretion" or prejudice.

NEARLY LIVED IN THREE CENTURIES.

James Kelly, who died at Waterbury, Conn., recently in his one hundred and second year, was for over fifty years a resident of that town. He had never been ill for any length of time. He did not wear glasses to read, although he closely followed Irish and American politics until his death. For eighty-five years he had not shaved. Cuban day, January 1 last, he stood hat in hand and saw the flag hoisted at Pine Hill. He was a native of Queens County, Ireland, and a Catholic.

Ulm's cathedral spire is to be used for a meteorological station. It is the highest church spire in the world, being 531 feet above the ground. This makes the signal station the highest post erected by human hands, save the Paris Eiffel Tower.

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